Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

Fer. I the best, for the wost. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I do confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaymed a yeeres imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clo. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damsel.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damsel.

Clo. This was no Damsel neither sir, she was a Virgin.

Ber. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maide will not serue your turne sir.

Col. This Maide will serue my turne sir.

Fer. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a weeke with Branne and Water.

Clo. I had rather pray a month with Mutton & Porridge.

Fer. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berovvne*, see him deliuered ore,
And goe we Lordes to put in practise that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero. Ile lay my Head to any good mans Hat,
These othes and lawes will proue an idle scorne.
Sirra, Come on.

Clo. I suffer for the trueth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a trew girle, and therefore welcome the sower Cup of prosperie, affliccio may one day smile againe, and till then sit thee downe sorrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Armado and Moth his page.

Armado. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirite growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir that he will looke sadd.

Ar. Why? sadnes is one & the selfe same thing deare imp.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Arm.

Arm. How canst thou part sadnes and tender Iuuenall?

Boy. By a familier demonstration of tough signeor.

Arma. Why tough signeor? Why tou

Boy. Why tender iuuenall? Why tende

Arm. I spoke it tender iuuenal, as a con apperteining to thy young dayes, which tender.

Boy. And I tough signeor, as an apperti olde time, which we may name tough.

Arma. Prettie and apt.

Boy. How meane you sir, I prettie, and or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Arma. Thou prettie because little.

Boy. Little prettie, becaus little: wher

Arma. And therfore apt, becaus quic

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Mai

Arma. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the sam

Arma. What? that an Eele is ingeniou

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

Arma. I do say thou art quicke in answ my blood.

Boy. I am answerd sir.

Arma. I loue not to be crost.

Boy. He speakes the meer contrarie, cr

Ar. I haue promised to studie three y

Boy. You may do it in an houre sir.

Arma. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice tolde?

Arm. I am ill at reckning, it fitteth the

Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gam

Arma. I confesse both, they are both th pleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how summe of deuse-ace amountes to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more the

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